THE Merry MILK-MAID:

Being, Her Longing-Desire after Matrimony: That she might be one of the Honourable Society of Gossips.

To the Tune of, *Tay Tivee.*

Licensed according to Order.

AS I through a Meadow one morning did pass,
when Flowers and Blossoms were springing;
I hapned to hear a young Beautiful Lass,
as she this new Ditty sat singing:
Here's Beauty without any manner of Pride,
I'd give forty shillings I might be a Bride,
To have a kind Husband to lye by my side,
It is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

Alass, I have used all manner of means,
for tempting young Batchelors to me,
For two or three Year I have been in the Teens,
yet there is no Gallant will Woe me:
My passion with Cupid is daily at strife,
So that I am weary of a single Life,
I wish that young Robin would make me his Wife:
it is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

I now am a Servant and Drudge like a slave,
expos'd to all manner of Weather;
But had I a Husband it then would be brave,
then we might both Cuddle together:
The Charms of my Beauty would surely invite
My Husband, to taste of the pleasant delight,
In pleasure we'l spin out the long Winters night:
it is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

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The Lass that is Marry'd, her Husband and she,
enjoys pleasant Charms out of measure,
Yet I am not certain what sport it might be,
but sure it is some sort of Pleasure:
But e're it be long I'm resolved to know,
If any God-Fellow some kindness will show,
What causes this Itching, above and below:
it is I dare swear to be Marry'd.

The good Man he dotes on the Charms of her Eyes,
and daily endeavours to please her,
Nay, every Morning before he doth rise,
he'l hugg her, nay, kiss her, and squeze her:
Now when she doth find him thus frolick and free,
In Love and Affection they both do agree,
It makes her as blith as a Bird in a Tree:
it is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

Nay, when a young Woman is Breeding, you know
the Husband with Dainties will feed her:
And as it to higher perfection doth grow,
abroad he will carefully lead her:
And then whatsoever she'll covet or crave,
The honest good Man he endeavours to have,
Whereby he her timerous Longing may save,
it is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

And when the young Women do chance to Cry out,
they straightways are call'd to their Labours,
And then after this comes a Gossiping bout,
to do as the rest of their Neighbours:
They in their Apparel are Deck'd neat and fine,
To prattle and likewise to tipple in Wine,
Until all their Noses with Claret does shine:
O 'tis a fine thing to be Marry'd.

I hope in good time it will come to my turn,
to be at that sweet Recreation;
All Persons must own it a weighty concern,
it being for Multiplication:
And therefore if now I could light of a Friend,
On whom I might here for a Husband depend,
I would not delay it a Week to an end:
it is a fine thing to be Marry'd.

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and *J. Back*.